

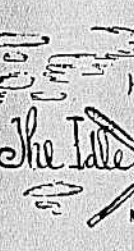
THE CURE FOR CHRONIC POVERTY.

WOULD DO AWAY WITH OUR HOPING APPARATUSES

I am forced to admit that we chronic poor folks are an incorrigible lot, who love to gamble on our future expectations and to drift down the stream of time with naught to buoy us up save the cork jackets of hope—always hope. Moreover, we are forever and eternally soothed by the reflection that, once dead, we don't stay dead any longer than the rich folks.

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Postscript to the indulgent reader: The foregoing was read to the Commander-in-Chief by this writer with a deep glow of pride. He thought he had picked out something both soothing and original on his typewriter when he produced it, but the reticulated optimist merely gave a grunt of scorn when she heard the article. "You have been stealing from old Dr. Sam Johnson's 'Rascals,'" was his sole comment. And bless my soul, I believe I have. But, after all, the charge of plagiarism comes in most happily. Johnson wrote his "Rascals," at the age of fifty, when his whole system was saturated with poverty germs. And what I more, he wrote it in the evenings of one week to pay the costs of his mother's funeral. But you couldn't have gotten old man Sam into a poverty cure hospital. He preferred to root for himself. His hoping apparatus worked overtime, and in his darkest hour was born one of the grandest works of literature. "Poverty germs" are nothing if not producers of ideas.



By E. W. TOWNSEND
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"pared for any seat of learning that anybody worth knowing to sit in it. If your prep. school prepare! Do not waste of resceptive years of your life loading up wit useless things that has nothing to do wit any kind of ball. When de muscles is easily trained, dat is de time for to get in line wit does things dat will reflect honor and glory on your alma mater! Play ball!"

When Mr. Paul got done kiddie was excited dat he found de coachman's kid and made him pitch for him; and before he had time to start de broom, he was in window in de north side of de stable.

Mr. Paul told me to go wit him when he took kiddie to de school. We ride up from de station, de little one's trunk on de seat wit de driver, and a box of candy in his hands, what Miss Fannie had give him, and he was de proudest ting dat ever butted into dat school. Little one to have every chance comin' de look into his eyes meant anything.

Of course, I had on me street clothes, but I say to meself, dat I'd not go into de room where Mr. Paul was to fetch kiddie to de head master, for I wanted little one to have every chance comin' to him, and not back-up his game wit me Bowery mug; so I steps in de little room where Mr. Paul takes de little kiddie into de office. But Mr. Paul leaves de door open, and I hears him say to de head master, "dis is de lad I want to be de first of de school." Napolean Emmet Fadden, de son of a fren of mine."

"He has a fine looking youngster, and he has a fine name," I heara de Gazanbo say.

"dis modder is French," says Mr. Paul, "which accounts for part of his name. But his fadder, me fren, is American."

"Well, dey has some chit-chat, and dey comes out, and Little Duke was blinker hard, for to show dat he didn't want to cry, and we hiks away, Mr. Paul and me, de on de car.

"When we was on de cars, I taw awhile, and den I says, "You done me fair, for I got all right, Mr. Paul."

"You?"

"You located kiddie as a son of a fren of yours," I says.

"You? de world didn't holt me, if it didn't holt you. You has solved me, and, perhaps, sometimes I has solved you, but you got de best, as good as each other. I've never knowed you to do an ungentlemanly ting, so I stand for de world fren."

"I has a better more, cause dere didn't seem to be nothing more to say; but when I gets home, and tell Duchess she disapprove of me, and she get de bolt, and she produces a fiver. "Cheena," she says, "we will go into town to-morrow, and we will dine for all de money we want, and I will be de most as proud of you as I am of your son."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

gogy and of physiology, and the result could not possibly be philosophical.

"Women," he says, "exist in the main solely for the propagation of the species, and are not destined for anything else." Who told him, and where was he when he told the universe was made—saves dropping?

Young girls are made beautiful, he says, to capture men who will support them for the rest of their lives. Who made the share of beauty? It was not made—made. But who made the laws of marriage and ownership? He says, "The practice of seizing women from the enemy as trophies gave rise to a form of ownership marriage, resulting in a household with a male head."

"The keenest joys and sorrows are not for women," he says, "who are called upon to display a great deal of strength. The keenness of joy and sorrow is a matter of nerve-structure, of sensibility. Was Schopenhauer a neurologist, that he dare to be so decided?"

"It is an illusion of man to call women beautiful," he says, "to speak of the fair sex to him as half-underized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged race."

Yes, says Schopenhauer's Idea of the appearance and end of woman. When any writer says, "This is so," and does not give the proof, who is there who can disprove him?